

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, the Domestic Arts, and the Needs of the Day.

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H. T. FRYE, Editor.

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March 25, 1859.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. FRYE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Molly Ockett. The name of this

woman is well known to the older in-

habitants of this vicinity. The Roko-

meko Tribe at Canton Point in 1755

numbered several hundreds, but were

visited about that time with the small

pox, communicated to them by the

French. It swept away nearly the

whole tribe. It is probable that Molly

Ockett with the few remaining Indians

on the Androscoggin River, left for

Canada soon after, as she seems to have

been called a St. Francis Indian by the

early settlers of Bethel. She came,

according to Mr. Nathaniel Swan's

account, in whose family she lived

several years, from Canada to Frye-

burg, where she became acquainted

with Sabatia, whom we suppose to be

the same that Col. Rogers brought

from Canada to Fryeburg when a boy

in 1759. He lived with her as his

assumed, though not his lawful wife

and had by her three children. She

subsequently refused to live with him

on account of his intemperate habits

and quarrelsome disposition.

She came to Bethel soon after the

settlement of the town, and claimed a

right to the land as an original pro-

prietor. The Indians probably never

included the upper waters of the An-

droscoggin in any of their treaties.

She is described by Mrs. Martha

Rowe of Gilsum, now living, and who

knew her well, as a pretty, genteel

squaw. She had a daughter, Molly

Suap, previous to her acquaintance

with Sabatia. She lived with her

mother at Bethel, attended school

with the whites, and spoke the English

language fluently. She possessed a

vigorous frame, and engaged in sports

with the boys for whom she was fre-

quently more than a match. A cir-

cumstance is still remembered when

she and her antagonist clenched, and in

the contest both rolled down the bank

of the river together. She had a

child named Molly Peel, by Capt.

Swanson, an old Indian, who was very

anxious to marry her, but Molly Ockett

was opposed to the match. She after-

wards married a Penobscot Indian,

who quarrelled with her, and left her.

Molly Ockett was very much mortified

at her daughter's conduct, and felt

that her own character, as well as her

daughter's, was destroyed.

Molly Ockett was a good housewife

and would often go into the woods and

over to the lakes, and about moose and

bears, and return to the settlement

for assistance to bring in the most

valuable portions of the game. She

collected duck feathers sufficient to

make a bed, which she presented to

Mrs. Swan.

Like most of the Indians, she was

fond of rum. She would drink a pint

of beer emptying with the greatest

relish. She was well skilled in roots

and herbs, and spent the latter por-

tion of her life in going from place to

place, and giving advice and medicines

to the sick.

She seemed to possess considerable

ingenuity. A box made by her of

birch bark more than seventy years

ago, is now in the possession of Mrs.

John Kimball of this town.

Molly Ockett sympathized with the

Methodists and professed to become

a convert. She used to call them

"dreadful clever folk." She sometimes

spoke in their meetings, but could

not divest herself of the idea that she

ought to make confession to the priest,

and occasionally went to Canada for

this purpose.

She was easily offended. She had

been out one time, and gathered a

pair of blueberries which she car-

ried to her friend, the wife of Rev.

Eliphaz Chapman, on Monday morn-

ing. Mrs. C. on emptying the pail

found them very fresh, and told her

that she picked them on Sunday.

"Certainly," said Molly. "But you

did wrong," was the reproach. Molly

took offence and left abruptly, and

did not make her appearance for sev-

eral weeks, when, one day, she came

into the house at dinner time. Mrs.

C. made arrangements for her at the

table, but she refused to eat. "Choke

me," said she; "I was right in picking

the blueberries on Sunday, it was so

pleasant, and I was so happy that the

Great Spirit had provided them for me."

At this answer Mrs. C. felt more than

half condemned for reproving her as

she did. Who could harshly judge this

child of nature by the same law that

would condemn those more enlight-

ened?

The following paragraph respecting

her is from Willey's White Mountain

sketches.

A Col. Clark, of Boston, had been

in the habit of visiting annually the

White Mountains, and trading for

furs. He had thus become acquainted

with all the settlers and many of the

Indians. He was much esteemed for

his honesty, and his visits were look-

ed forward to with much interest. Tom

Hegan had formed the design of kill-

ing him, and, contrary to his usual

shrewdness, had disclosed his plans to

some of his companions. One of them,

in a drunken spree, told the secret to

Molly Ockett, a squaw who had been

converted to Christianity, and was

much loved and respected by the

whites. She determined to save

Clark's life. To do it, she must tra-

verse a wilderness of many miles to

his camp. But nothing daunted the

courageous and faithful woman. Set-

ting out early in the evening of her

intended massacre, she reached Clark's

camp just in season for him to escape.

Tom Hegan had already killed two of

Clark's companions, escaped a mile or

two from him. He made good his

escape, with his noble preserver, to

the settlement. Col. Clark's grati-

tude knew no bounds. In every way

he sought to reward the kind squaw

for the noble act she had performed.

For a long time she resisted all his

attempts to repay her, until at last,

overcome by his earnest entreaties

and the difficulty of sustaining her

self in her old age, she became an in-

mate of his family, in Boston. For a

year she bore, with a martyr's endur-

ance, the restraints of civilized life;

she was buried in the cemetery of that

town. I have not ascertained the

date of her death. She could re-

member the events connected with

the Lovewell Fight in Fryeburg, and

spoke of the Indians who resided in

Bethel as being happy till they were

driven away by the whites. She was

the last resident Indian in this vicinity.

A short distance south of the out-

let of Umbagog Lake is a large smooth

rock projecting into the water called

Molly Ockett's Rock. Her name is

also perpetuated by a mountain named

after her in the eastern part of Oxford

Co., where she had a camp. She

seemed to be a person of more than

ordinary ability, possessed a large frame

and features, and walked very erect

even in old age. She wore a pointed

cap, but in other respects dressed in

Indian style. She was very loquacious,

and entertained the inhabitants with

stories and anecdotes.

Her name was spelled and pro-

nounced in several different ways,

Mollockett, Molly Ockett, Molly-

ockett, Mollylockett, Mollyrockett,

and Mollyrockett. These changes

arose in consequence of the commu-

nability of the liquids l, n and r.

Many apocryphal anecdotes relating

to her have been given to the writer;

but it is believed the foregoing sketch

is the most complete that has ever

been made respecting her, and em-

bodies all the leading facts of her

history that can now be obtained.

FACTS ABOUT LIGHTNING.—Mr.

Merriman, the "sage of Brooklyn

Heights," in a recent letter, says:—

A few days since a stranger accom-

panied me in the street, and inquired if

iron bedsteads were dangerous to

sleep upon during thunder storms. I

said in reply that I had never known

a death by lightning on a bed resting

on an iron bedstead, but we have re-

corded deaths by lightning of persons

reposing on feather beds on wooden

bedsteads.

No case of death has yet occurred

to a telegraph operator—no persons

on board of steamboats or in railroad

cars, or in iron vessels or iron build-

ings, or in vessels furnished with

lightning conductors, and but four

deaths in buildings furnished with

lightning rods. Two persons have

been killed by lightning while stand-

ing on the outside platform of rail-

(Reported for the Courier)
Lecture to Young Men.

BY REV. J. B. WHEELRIGHT.

A Lecture was given to the Young Men of this vicinity Sunday Evening July 31st from Luke, 1: 60. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel.

He showed that deserts were not unknown as some had supposed. They had proved excellent places to form character. They were good places for retirement from the restless din of the world. John did not find it necessary to enter the giddy whirl of society to acquire his education. Nature was full of harmony for him; the rocks, the isolated spots of verdure and the mountains were there to be his teachers. He might here acquire a strong coat of tan on his face, but he waxed strong in spirit. John was no flower pot plant. A well directed physical education made him strong. Numerous examples might be mentioned of men who had acquired strength of character in the same way. Moses must dwell forty years in the desert as a shepherd before he could engage in his mighty work. Here he learned to fear God and not man. Had he dwelt amid the luxuries of the city, he would not have been the bold man that he was. David spent his youth as a shepherd boy. It was here that he acquired strength and courage to meet the great Philistine. Great warriors were taken from the fields in ancient times. John the Baptist was the stern reformer. He could not have grown up in the city amid its effeminacies. He charges upon his city contemporaries as they came out to meet him. Ye generation of vipers! The son of God spent the first thirty years of his life in retirement and during the three years of his ministry was frequently by himself alone. Paul went after his conversion into Arabia when he spent three years of his life.

Such is the character of men who have sought retirement. Martin Luther sought retirement in solitude to prepare himself as a reformer. He sounded the depths of his own heart to prepare himself to utter his soul stirring truths. That is always the best place where man can best study himself. Angels who have always been in society would make poor preachers. If Gabriel himself should come down and settle as a preacher, he would ask to leave his pastorate and go back to heaven. Some poor world tried, tempted being would make the best preacher.

The author of some of the Psalms must have been a shepherd and a tempted man to have described the works of nature as he did. "Solitude" says Cecil, "shows us what we should be; Society, what we are." Each of us can find solitude in our own homes. Enter into thy closet. Prayer made a Luther. Prayer made a reformer. Prayer makes the man strong in spirit. In theory a preparation must be made for the active duties of life. The sea captain must first be a sailor in the fore-castle. We must first learn to obey. The time of preparation is not lost. Young men should hold back. At the present day we jump from the cradle to the active duties of life. Grey hairs are no sign of old age now. You will find the world a harder master than the pedagogue with his ferule and cowhide. Your principles and your intellects will all be tried as you go out into the world. To be without God in the world is to lead a miserable life. Men who have accomplished much for the world, have met at the feet of Jesus in their youth. Seek communion with nature and with God. You can then smile at life, and smile in life.

The foregoing is but a meagre sketch of the Lecture which was listened to with great interest by a large number of the young people in this vicinity. We give it to our readers, who may not have had the pleasure of listening to it and recommend it to the special attention of young men.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1889.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. X.

We have noticed the most important places of resort in our vicinity for the tourist. It is believed that few places in the country, offer so many pleasant rides with so little fatigue and inconvenience to the traveller, as may be had by making Bethel Hill the starting point.

There is a large class of individuals from the cities who wish to visit the Mountains to whom the limited sphere of observation soon renders the whole thing exceedingly tame, but who would enjoy the summer months in a pleasant village like ours, where it is elevated and possessed of good water, good air, comfortable fare and good roads. Invalids in most cases would be far better off here than in a more secluded situation. They do not want monotony. They wish to go where they may feel the most at home in order to gain strength. We would reiterate again and again, that for scrupulous and consumptive persons, we believe there is no better place in the world than the highlands of Bethel.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—Our young townsman, Stephen A. Russell, a self taught mechanic, went to Massachusetts a few weeks since to seek employment. Having visited quite a number of establishments, without success, he finally applied to the Attleboro Watch Manufacturing. On being asked what he could do, he replied, that "he could do everything." Being requested to show a specimen of his work, he drew from his pocket a handsome lever watch entirely of his own construction. This at once secured him a situation. Stephen's first lesson in watch making was taken when a boy, by carrying a watch into the woods away from everybody, taking it apart, and putting it together again.

BRO. PIDGIN of the Democrat wonders a little how we could manage to ride into Rumford so far before we got out of Bethel. The truth is, Brother Pidgin, we were riding along with that ubiquitous personage, Smith, who told us for several miles after we thought we ought to be in Rumford, that we were still in Bethel. This is our explanation of the matter. All we can say is, that as soon as he said we were out of town, we changed horses and bought a late breakfast.

By the way, we have one more Hibernicism. Can there ever be a flock of Pigeons, where there is only one?

The Bridgton Reporter laments the want of a Steamboat on the beautiful ponds in that vicinity. We formerly travelled in the old boat, clumsy as it was. Excepting a ride on the Androscoggin, we know of no route by water so romantic as that. A small boat with a stern wheel might do a good business there. But can't you get a railroad up to your place?

Many persons like newspapers but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is the file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age with all its bustle and every day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century back, without the thought, that almost every name there printed is now upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

The Exhibition at the Academy this Friday Evening, offers an interesting entertainment to the public.

THE BETHEL COURIER, the new office of the Bethel Courier, opens on the 1st of the month of August, and presents a new look-out, and local illustrations peculiar to Bethel and vicinity, that we are frequently tempted to quote work and go and see and enjoy for ourselves. But the contemplation of our paper, this laughing river under our window and the quiet cottage beneath the trees on the hill, with some small remains of conscience, all serve to keep us steadily at work in the harness. Dear Doctor, in speaking of your locality, please be less enchanting and let some little grace be wanting.—Kenneth Journal.

Just come up here, Bro. Journal, and look for yourself. We fare better than most Editors, because we have our own cows, raise our own potatoes, State of Maine and Jackson Whites, mostly as you please, and have our own vegetable garden and orchard. We will feed you from all these, and take you to ride in the best carriage in our possession to see some of the finest scenery in Maine. If this will not tempt you to come out from under that hill, we think nothing we can offer will move you.

ACCIDENT.—As Mrs. Ira Cook and Mrs. Thomas Mayberry of this town were riding down Mill Hill yesterday, the horse took fright and ran with all his might down the hill, and threw them out near Barnham's Carriage Shop. Mrs. Cook had her face badly cut and was severely injured in her back, and had a narrow escape from being killed.

THE validity of Charles W. Cahoon's patent for Sowing Seed Broadcast has been fully established in the United States Court, Judge Clifford presiding in the suit of Cahoon and alia against Ring for infringement of the Cahoon patent. The jury brought in a verdict sustaining the Cahoon patent and that the Ring machine was an infringement on the same.

We should have mentioned our own success in the Spring, in using this new Farming implement. A few minutes practice will teach one how to use it. Whether our nice piece of wheat in consequence of being sown with this we cannot say. We marched along with quite a military air while using it.

BRO. LAMSON of the Reporter sympathizes with us in our trials. But were you as prudent as you should have been before you became an editor? Three pairs of pants at a time, even with holes in them, are rather too many for an editor. However, reading that downright smart paper, the Reporter, makes us forget any seeming extravagance of its Editor.

One of the pleasant trials to which every good editor is subject, occurred in our sanctum this week. A subscriber entered and complained that it took him much longer to read the Courier than formerly. He had to read it all, so well was he entertained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many thanks to valued correspondents for favors received.

The Withered Bouquet—next week. Andrew Scaggin—accepted.

RUTHLESS.—We have a large supply of enigmas on hand; we shall wait till cold weather before we insert any more.

LIQUOR SPLIT.—The Lewiston Falls Journal says that the Catholic priest in that village, who is zealous in his efforts to break up the liquor traffic among the Irish, on Thursday discovered a five gallon keg of brandy at the express office, directed to an Irishman named Doyle. He immediately went and brought Doyle to the express office, and demanded of the expressman to know whether he was a man. Doyle denied in anxious suspense, shaking his head for the expressman to answer in the negative; but he was pronounced the criminal. The Priest, after paying the express bill, seized the keg, and presented to the river, broke in the head and spilled the "poisonous stuff" while Doyle stood by the picture of despair.

KEROSENE OIL.—We understand that the Portland Kerosene Oil Co. have commenced the manufacture of Kerosene Oil. We have before us some specimens of coal from which it is obtained. It is unlike any other coal known, approaching nearer to Asphaltum than to the ordinary bituminous coals. It contains a large amount of hydrocarbonaceous matter than any other known coal. It is found in Hillsboro, Prince Albert Co., N. Brunswick. It possesses a beautiful lustre like jet. A splinter of it will burn in a candle like pitch. From its peculiar character and from its locality it is called *Albertaine*. It will be a blessing to the world if a safe substitute can be found for the burning fluids.

Mr. Geo. D. Blake of this village is agent for this vicinity for the sale of this oil.

WE are having on our farm a fine field of wheat. The weevil has hardly noticed it, the heads are large and heavy.

We are inclined to think that the earlier wheat is sown the better. At least this has been our limited experience. Last year we raised by the side of this piece at the rate of twenty bushels of rye to one sowed. We attributed this large crop to the generous application of lime which was thoroughly incorporated with the manure. Rye has but little lime in its composition, but it is found on experiment to incorporate into itself more than its legitimate proportion where it abounds in the soil.

A BOUNCING GIRL.—Isabella Thompson, of Washington county, Ohio, although not quite six years of age, weighs over 200 pounds. She is three feet ten inches high, and her arm between the elbow and shoulder measures seventeen and one quarter inches in circumference. She is a woman in appearance, and as intelligent as ordinary children of her age.

VERMONT GOLD MINER.—A few days since three men on Mr. Hanter's claim, in Plymouth, took out \$60 worth of gold in lumps in one day their largest lump weighing nine and a half pennyweights. The largest lump yet found—fourteen pennyweights—was dug at Buffalo creek, a small stream which flows into Reading pond.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL at the anniversary meeting of the London City Mission Society reported that a clergyman told him that the only way he could reach the hearts and mind of the poorer persons living in the alleys and lanes of Brighton was to go into the middle of the streets, and thus the poorer persons who did not like to appear at any place of worship in their shabby clothes put their heads out of the window to listen to his exhortations. This is one of the illustrations amongst many that places of worship in England do not reach the whole masses of the community.

On the 1st inst, the hog pen attached to the distillery of George Coon, in Cincinnati, fell with immense crash, precipitating four thousand and head into the Millcreek Valley, a distance of thirty feet, and braining the ruins at least \$30,000 worth of stock. The loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

THE Lewiston Journal says Mr. Charles Tirrell, of North Auburn, was thrown from a load of hay on the 26th, and was injured to such an extent as to paley his body if not to cause his death. Mr. T. has a wife and children, as well as numerous friends to mourn his sad fate.

The down Passenger train ran off the track near the Depot in this village Wednesday afternoon. No damage done.

We would call the attention of our readers to the capital article of our correspondent entitled, Young Men.

If you want some good writing ink, call on Alfred Smith's shop, opposite our office.

A CURIOSITY.—Passing along the Road from Locke's to Walker's Mills the other day, we saw what we supposed to be a party of anglers at the bank of the mill stream, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and being desirous to learn what success they might have had to call out so large a party, we stepped down the bank—Imagine our surprise upon finding two of the party fastened to a somewhat curious specimen. It did not look just like a fish, being mince, form and bearing two rudders instead of one, its head was not a fishes head, being minus gills. Instead of hooking him as is the usual practice with anglers, they had him lassoed with two stout cords, one just back of the place where the gills of a fish are supposed to be; the other around both of his under-standings.

Upon inquiring we learned that this Great Natural Curiosity was seen in an erect position, coming past Locke's Mills, making some very inhuman noises and upon arriving at the pond made a plunge, and had it not been for those expert anglers, would probably have been in that element now. He seemed greatly exasperated at being caught, and tried to pacify his anger by pounding his head with a pebble. Upon his articulating sounds we judged him to be a "son of Erin," having imbibed too freely of the Indian's "fire water," and concluded he was moving in the wrong element.

For the Courier.
AUG. 4, 1889.

Having just returned from a visit of 60 days to, and through a part of our great Western country as far as the Mississippi and up that long river about 300 miles, my old acquaintances may wish to inquire of Dr. Grover something about their friends and the country "out west."

To partially satisfy that friendly feeling peculiar to the human mind, and to gratify, measurably, their laudable curiosity inherent in our being to learn something more of matters and things out of our sight, I intend to avail myself of the convenient means of answering those inquiries, and making some remarks on what has fallen within my observation respecting the face of the country, soil, water, minerals, natural productions, agricultural productions, the basin of the Mississippi, its bluffs, the probable cause or manner of their production or isolation and elevations above the surrounding oak openings, prairies and farms, and the people, their habits, manners and business, by writing a few articles to be inserted in our very convenient local paper at Bethel Hill.

The Dr.'s communications cannot fail to be very acceptable to our readers.—[En.]

MASON, July 30, 1889.

MR. EDITOR.—A smart little hail-storm visited our little town during Tuesday night last. It passed over the southern portion of Mason and western part of Albany, with considerable fury. The stones were very large, and fell with such force as to cut off small twigs from the trees, covering the ground in some places with leaves. I have not learned of much injury being done to growing crops, although it left its mark wherever it went, splitting up corn leaves, letting sunlight through turnip tops, and as one man said, his carrot bed looked as though somebody had been shooting hails into it.

D. B. Grover of your town picked up hail-stones, twelve hours after the storm, as large as small hen's eggs.

At the Fourth of July celebration in Irons, Missouri, Capt. John Hall, one of Marion's men was present. He is a native of South Carolina, and will be 90 years of age on the 20th of September next. He supports himself by making brooms and baskets, and has never received a pension, though he fought gallantly during the revolutionary war, and distinguished himself at the battle of Guilford Court House, North Carolina, March 15, 1781, when he was Sergeant of a company.

For the Courier.
Young Men.

MR. KURRON.—Upon looking over the columns of your excellent paper, the other day, my eyes rested upon a short paragraph in which a special inquiry is made to certain youths who follow that worst of professions—viz:—Night Writing. This is a vice which is too generally neglected by the public press, while its sinful effects are making frightful inroads upon the morals of the rising generation.

In turning over the leaves of an old scrap-book I found the following "choice bit," which, while contemplating the above named vice, I have been led to adapt as a fitting "text," upon which to offer to your readers a word of comment.

"It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, nor the high, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found with them. Mark their actions well. Study their lives, and learn yourselves to live lives as great, as noble, as good as the best of them."

Boys! young men! read the foregoing noble words of advice over again, that their full meaning and worth may be thoroughly comprehended by you. Do not boast yourself able to withstand the baleful influence of vicious associates, for be assured it has broken down many who stood as firm as you stand, to associate with the profligate and vulgar.

Longfellow beautifully says—
"Live of great men all round us
We can make our lives sublime,
And when dying leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

LORD CLARENDON, the eminent British peer, attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than, by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

Parents! Fathers! to you comes the voice of warning. Leave not your sons to their own inclining. Make home attractive. Store your library with valuable books, and invite their attention thereto. Talk to them kindly yet plainly of the vices to which they may be prone, and urge upon them the necessity of taking a firm stand upon the broad platform of morality. In fine, so bend the tender, yielding twig, that after years may find the full grown tree, erect and graceful in its form, its branches green and wide-spreading—a stalwart, mighty tree, overshadowing and dignifying the circle within which it stands.

The Paris Democrat says that their village is full of company this Summer. Glad to hear it. We were not aware that they had four good Hotels in that village. Better off than we are.

As it regards that Steamboat, didn't we say that we dreamed about it. If our articles are worth quoting they are worth reading through.

The highest tax paid in Portland by any individual tax payer, is by St. John Smith \$2,230.50. John M. Wood comes next, \$2,118.50. The aggregate taxes assessed upon Bethel and counties is \$202,544.98. Rate of taxation 90 cents on \$100. Total valuation, Real Estate, \$93,338,600. 00: Total, \$22,340,290.00.

At the battle of Monmouth Col. Boscawen, like a Lieutenant in the United States Army, and a good deal of West Point, greatly distinguished himself. He was down four Americans in a hard-fought encounter, and performed other prodigies of valor.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—
The Portland, 10 A. M.
The Lewiston, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF THE
Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 8:45 A. M. (Summer schedule)
Evening train leaves Portland for Bethel at 6:15 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 10:15 A. M. & 7:30 P. M. In the following churches:—
The Congregational, Rev. Mr. Wilmers.
The Methodist, Rev. Mr. Grover.
The Baptist, Rev. Mr. G. Davis.

SERVICES FOR PRAYER.
Sunday evenings at 5:15 o'clock, at the Little Church, Tuesday evenings. Prayer by Saturday evenings.

"Home Influence."

Much is written of the mighty forces we are individually exert upon our fellow men, upon the w at large, but deeper, more powerful influences on the home of around the old hearth stone. I are brothers and sisters by a ut of daily and hourly duties would each others characters. Be the w spoken kind, each have coming w the other, from that how the stage life receives a worthy actor, for who can bear with hourly annoyances from a brother can forgivingly overlook the less frequent vexations of a brother man. Many profligate characters have cursed their "home influence," the harsh reproof given, at the withering scorn with which they were treated after their fall. Sister a soft arm around the neck, a word of forgiveness on your part, and promise to help lead the erring one back to the paths of virtue, are more potent than all the looks of scorn at severe rebuke.

Mother, check those hasty words about to be uttered to your child the north wind does not melt the ice but the genial rays of the sun, neither will fretful fault-finding make your child what you wish. The gentle mother's gentler words are remembered with restraining power when a but her memory is departed.

Let us who are sisters guard well our brothers for "the flowers of feeling will fade at their birth, if the dew of affection be gone."

Are they wayward—our influence may save them. Are they pattern brothers—our influence is needed to keep them such.

"Be kind to thy Father none feel him as I hold. Be kind to thy Mother no man; Be kind to thy Brother nor show thy heart cold. Be kind to thy Sister no dear."

MARION.

For the Courier.

The Little Thieves.

In reading an account in the Portland Transcript the other day, of a bird stealing a lady's cape trimmings a yard in length, and weaving it into its nest, I was reminded of an incident of the same nature, that I was an eye-witness to a few years ago. My mother had a lace cap, as most all old ladies have, and, owing to a propensity she had for wearing it "every day," it needed "doing up." Consequently it was ripped to pieces, washed and laid out on the grass in the orchard to whiten. When she thought it had been out long enough to attain sufficient purity of complexion to adorn her capillary summit, she went out to get it, and lo! it could not be found. Every cranny and nook was searched, expecting the wind had been to play with it, and consigning it to some post hole or ditch, but no trace could be found of it, and she gave it up as among the things that were. When the leaves had fallen, and we had begun to gather fruit from the orchard, I discovered a white flag floating from the gnarled of a sassy king-bird's nest, which proved to be the long lost lace cap, which my maternal parent had nearly forgotten. In searching the nest the ribbon was also found firmly imbedded in the solid masonry of the nest. Who will indict the little thieves? I think in our nest it ought to be considered a crime.

Curriculum: Anglo-American Institute, 200 South College, and at Yale University at 10:15 and 4:15 afternoon.

